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## Choice Poetry.

THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

BY MR. MAGNUS.

(As Dedicated to the Democrats of the United States.)

I.  
Star of the brave! whose beam had shed  
Such glory o'er the quick and dead;  
That radiant and adorned breast,  
Which millions rushed to see to greet  
The meteor of immortal birth,  
Why rise in Heaven to set on earth?

II.  
South of stars beyond thy rays;  
Emptied of the mortal gaze;  
The world of the martial sphere;  
Was once on high and honor here;  
And the light broke on human eyes,  
Like a volcano of the skies.

III.  
Like lava rolls thy stream of blood,  
And swept down Empire with its flood;  
Earth rocked beneath thee to her base,  
As thou didst lighten through all space;  
And the storm grew deep in air,  
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

IV.  
Before thee rose and with thee grew  
A rainbow of the loveliest hue;  
Of stars bright colors, each divine,  
And fit for celestial sign;  
For Freedom's hand had blent them,  
Like tints in an immortal gem.

V.  
One tint was of the rainbow's dyes;  
One, the pure spirit's veil of white;  
Had robed in radiance of its light;  
The stars, too, mingled, did beam  
The texture of a heavenly dream.

VI.  
Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,  
And darkness must soon greet thee;  
But, oh! thou rainbow of the west,  
Thou star and blood must flow for thee;  
When thy bright promise fades away,  
Our life is but a load of clay.

VII.  
And Freedom hallow with her tread  
The silent cities of the dead;  
For beautiful in death are they,  
Who proudly fall in her way;  
And soon, oh, Golden! may be  
Forever more with them or these.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

But the soldier slept, and his dreams were bright,  
And the glow of his battle night;  
With the song of his heart;  
For he passed away from the weary world,  
To the pleasant light of a cheerful room,  
Where a cat sat purring on the hearth,  
And his weary heart was blest.

His children came—two blue-eyed girls,  
With laughing lips and sunny curls,  
And cheeks of ruddy glow;  
The mother, pale, but lovely now,  
As when upon her virgin brow,  
He proudly seated his early love,  
In the Summer, long ago.

## Select Tale.

### THE ACE OF SPADES.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Twenty to one I hit it at the first shot!" said Frank Travers, a young American, as he pointed out to his companions, a group of Cubans and Spaniards, a playing-card, the ace of spades, pinned to the trunk of a palm tree at twenty paces distance, in the capacious garden of a country-seat in the neighborhood of Havana.

"Draw it rather milder, for heaven's sake, Frank," whispered the friend, Will Walters, a New Yorker, a long resident of Cuba.

"Twenty to one I centre that ace!" repeated Travers, looking round him.

"You are jesting, amigo," said a dashing young Spanish officer, Captain Antonio Alvarez, of the lanceros. "You are jesting, or you want to throw away your money."

"That's my look out, Captain will; you take me up?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I'll make the offer fairer. I will turn my back to the mark—wheel at the word fire and discharge my pistol at one—two—three. You shall give the word, if you like."

"Done!"

Travers turned his back to the card. The captain gave the word. Travers wheeled and fired at "two." Captain Alvarez ran up and examined the card. He returned, stroking his coal-black mustache.

"You did it, certainly," said he, "but it was a chance shot."

"A chance shot," repeated Travers. "A hundred to one I'll do it again four times running."

"Done," said the captain.

The second shot widened the hole made by the first. The circumference of the third—the fourth and fifth shots widened the aperture. The card was handed round amidst the admiration of the company.

Travers smiled as he put the card in his vest pocket. "This is nothing," said he. "I have made better shots. There is nothing wonderful in it. I have lived with the pistol in my hand."

"Do you understand the small sword also, senior?" asked the lancero, carelessly.

"Indifferently well," replied Travers.

"What do you say to a bout?" asked the captain.

"With all my heart."

Alvarez smiled, and signed to an attendant to bring foils. He offered the American his choice. The young man

laid aside their coats. Travers bent the blade of his foil to try its temper and spring; it proved to be the best German steel. Alvarez tossed his high in the air, caught it with the right and left hands, threw it over his arm, and played with it in a thousand dexterous fashions. At last they saluted gracefully, and interchanged the preliminary passes to ascertain their distance.

"On guard!" cried the Spaniard, stamping his foot; and the glittering blades were engaged.

Travers was considered a good swordsman. He made a pass, and his antagonist sent his blade whirling thirty feet in the air.

"Take mine, I beg you," said Alvarez, with a polite bow.

Picking up the American's sword, he renewed the encounter, and touched his antagonist lightly on the breast. Travers laughed in return, and was disarmed instantly.

"I give it up," said he, gayly. "St. George was not more a master of the sword."

"It is nothing," answered the Spaniard, indifferently, yet well pleased at the compliment. "My fencing is like your shooting. I have lived with the sword in my hand. It is my favorite weapon."

"He is an inveterate duellist," whispered Walters to his friend. "He has killed four men to my certain knowledge, and each one was drilled in a different place. His success makes him something of a bully."

"Come, gentlemen, to horse," said Captain Alvarez. "The sun has almost touched the horizon—the breeze has sprung up—we shall be in time to pay our respects to the ladies on the Paseo."

The gay party lighted their cigars, mounted their little Andalusian horses, and cantered toward the city at an easy pace.

It was holiday time in Havana, and Travers and his friend, both masked, were chatting with a couple of senoritas on whom they were making an evening call, when a group of maskers entered the room. One of them held a guitar in his hands, which he touched skillfully, while he sang, with a voice whose richness was not entirely suppressed by the mask he wore, the words of a Spanish ditty. When he ceased, he approached the senorita Melendro, and said:

"Mamela, do you know me?"

"I know you not, senior."

"Can you not guess?"

"It flashes on my mind," said the senorita, "that you are Sebastian Nevado."

"Wrong!" replied the stranger, with a light laugh. "Try again."

"I will be sure this time," said the gay girl, and she sprang from her seat and snatched at his mask. The stranger defended himself, and as he was much taller than his assailant baffled her efforts completely.

Travers laughing, sprang to her aid, and had almost rudely seized the stranger's mask, when a shriek uttered simultaneously by the two ladies, arrested his hand. He turned away in astonishment. Mamela, pale as death, sank into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, sobbed convulsively.

"What the devil have I done now?" asked Travers of his friend.

"Don't you know," replied Walters, "that it is a deadly insult to lay your hand on a mask?" A woman has privileges, but a man, none. It is like pulling an Oriental by the beard. You've got yourself into a precious scrape."

"You'll stand by me, Will?"

"Yes," replied Walters, with some hesitation.

At this juncture, the stranger approached Travers, said in a low, deliberate voice:

"You desired to see my face. Behold it then!" He raised his mask.

"Captain Antonio Alvarez," exclaimed Travers.

"The same, sir, at your service," replied the captain. "It appears you know me. May I ask you to favor me, in return, by disclosing your face? I am very anxious to know to whom I shall pay my respects for the honor you did me just now in presence of these ladies. Remove your mask, if you please."

"Not here, captain, but you shall soon learn who I am. I never concealed myself from friend or foe. I will send you my card, and then you will know to whom to address your card—for I presume you consider yourself insulted."

"I am to be found at my quarters in the cavalry barracks, whither I am going directly. Until we meet again, sir, farewell."

The captain offered his hand first to Travers, then to his friend. Then with a low bow, and a *los pies de estradas*, amoritas, he passed out of the room with a steady step.

Each of his comrades exhibited the same stately courtesy, and the two Americans were left alone with the ladies. Mamela threw herself into the arms of Travers, and wept upon his shoulder.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I wish that I were dead. I have brought this on you by a thoughtless act—and he will kill you as he has done so many others. And what will your poor madre do, when she hears that her brave son has fallen in a quarrel like this?"

"An embrace and tears from you, senorita, are cheaply purchased by life itself," replied Travers, with high down gallantry. "But dry your bright eyes—prepare to shed your tears for the lan-

coro—for the choice of weapons lies with me, and he is at my mercy."

"Danced lucky, too!" muttered Walters. "If it had been otherwise, he would have split you like a lark. But what's to be done now?"

"To the captain's quarters," replied Travers. "Adieu, ladies."

"Good fortune go with you, gallant caballero!" cried the girls together.

Travers, putting his arm in that of his friend, strolled away in the direction of the barracks.

"Why the deuce did you not mind your own business?" grumbled Walters. "It's a confounded ticklish thing to meddle with a man's mask, and you ought to have known it."

"How should I?"

"Ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of custom, any more than in the eyes of the law. But you're in for it now. What do you propose to do?"

"Send him my card."

"He'll fight, of course."

"I should suppose—his profession will force him to it."

"Very well—you name pistols. You can't think of killing him?"

"Do I look like a ruffian, Walters?"

"Very well, then. You fire in the air. He's dissatisfied, demands another shot—you grant it, and very likely the fellow will hit you. No, no! you must wing him at the first shot. Touch him in the arm."

"And perhaps cause him the loss of a limb I can't think of that."

"Then all that I have to say is, that it's a very bad scrape. What if you apologize?"

"Apologize!" cried Travers. "No! no! the blood of the Old Dominion will not allow me to stoop so low as that. I can bleed, but cannot blush. It's an awkward affair, as you say; but I must see it through."

"Very well, or rather very ill," said Walters. "And here are the barracks. I am to go in and ask for Captain Alvarez, and hand him your card?"

"Exactly, and wait for his answer, whatever it may be."

"Confound it!" cried Travers, searching his pockets. "I haven't a card about me; I left them all at my hotel."

"How unlucky!" cried Walters.

"Unlucky, indeed! Stay, have you a pencil?"

"Yes, here it is; have you found a card?"

"Yes," said Travers, producing a crumpled and soiled card, "there it is."

"Do you call that thing a card?"

"Yes, it is the Ace of Spades!"

"The very card you centered five times."

"Yes, it must serve the purpose."

And Travers wrote his address upon it. Walters took the card and disappeared, while Travers walked to and fro, wrapped in deep thought.

In a few minutes his friend re-appeared, with an exultant countenance.

"Joy! joy!" he cried.

"What do you mean?"

"Alvarez has backed out. It was the Ace of Spades that did it. As soon as he saw it, he changed color. There is a note from him."

Travers tore open the note:

"Cano mi Amico:—Had I known it was you who laid hands on my mask, the affair would have ended with a laugh. We cannot hold foreigners responsible for acts committed in contravention of our social usages. Let it pass as a frolic of the Carnival. Excuse my apparent rudeness, and believe me ever yours,

"ANTONIO ALVAREZ."

"Valiant captain!" cried Travers, as the two turned to regain their lodgings. "I appreciate his motives—he had no idea of being centered like the ACE OF SPADES."

FIFTY YEARS AGO.—On Monday of the present week, Mr. Thurlow Weep passed through our city on his way homeward, from attending the funeral of one of his earliest friends at Rochester.

While the cars were stopping here, one of our oldest citizens, Mr. Adams, in passing through the depot met Mr. Weep, with whom he was acquainted in early life. After exchanging salutations, Mr. Adams said, "Mr. Weep, I think it is fully fifty years since I last saw you."

"Yes," responded Mr. Weep, "it is a little more than that, and then I was blacking boots in your father's tavern at Onondaga Hollow." A few minutes of pleasant conversation ensued between these acquaintances of half a century ago. It is characteristic of Mr. Weep that he never loses sight of his humble origin in life.—*Syracuse Journal.*

DIET AT FORT HUDSON AND VICKSBURG.—It must be uncomfortable living just now at Vicksburg and Fort Hudson. People of delicate nerves must find it especially annoying to be dodging shells and cannon balls; running out of the way of tottering walls and chimneys, and stumbling at almost every step over some friend or neighbor who has been smitten down by the avenging bolts. Unable to find safety elsewhere, the reports tell us the most timid at Vicksburg are borrowing in caves and cellars; but even there, now and then, no doubt, uninvited shells intrude. Shell, scrambled for breakfast, for tea, for dinner; for dinner, for tea. This is the diet to which, at least, the rebel Vicksburgians are reduced. And hard as it is, difficult as it must be of digestion, there are few who will say that it is not deserved.

Hams that are at a discount.—Valley dig-Ham.

## Miscellaneous.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY MR. W. H. WARRER.

"Oh, wrap the flag around me, boys,  
And by me don't let it die;  
Where the cannon rages round me,  
And the carnage runs high;  
Write my last thoughts of my country  
With my mother—oh, my God!  
Let Thy strong right arm support her,  
While the passer north Thy rod."

There's a cottage on the hill-side  
Of the noble "Prairie State,"  
Where a golden willow droopeth  
Over a little rustic gate,  
And my gray-haired sire is sitting  
With his Bible on his knee,  
By its heart-stone, while he prayeth,  
Even now, perhaps, for me.

And further on, another still—  
But, oh! the madd'ning thought!  
What misery to thee, beloved,  
Treason's black hand hath wrought!  
But this is not the only heart  
That throbs in vain to-night,  
Nor this the only stricken soul  
That looks above for light.

But he is strong, and braver yet—  
We have not died in vain—  
The fetters we have broken off,  
Will never be forged again;  
And had I now a thousand lives,  
I'd give them all for thee,  
My native land, my precious home,  
If they might make thee free.

Then "wrap the flag around me, boys,"  
The Red, the White, the Blue;  
In every thought, and every act,  
To them I have been true;  
Living, I fought beneath its folds;  
Dying, my prayer shall be,  
That every star may typify  
A liberty truly free.

## LETTER FROM ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Kentucky Rye—He Attends a Valiant Meeting.

Editor T. T.:—The beautiful Spring, my boy, is out in the sunshine once more; bowing her pretty face over her lap, as though to breathe the odor of the fresh violets lying scattered upon her coquettish green apron, but really to hide the blush mantling the cheeks on which the hot breath of enamored young Summer is tempting the roses to premature birth.

What a fine old world this is, after all, if we have plenty of money in our pockets, plenty of health in our systems, and no poor relations. As you stand on the Arlington side of the Potomac, on any one of these fair May days, and look around you in any direction, there is a beauty even about the tracts of war which enables you to comprehend why so many of your brass-buttoned Generals are fond of staying in one place so long. Behind you rise Arlington heights, which are disliked by our excellent National Democratic Organization, only because they wear a covering of Lincoln green in Summer; before you, and across the Potomac, is the Capitol of our distracted country, looking like an ambitious marble on its way out of town; and close beside you is one of our national troops extracting certain wonders of the insect kingdom from a Government biscuit. On Tuesday I was standing with the Conservative Kentucky chap near Long Bridge, surveying this scene, and says I:

"Behold, my Nestor, how the scars left upon nature's face by the chariot wheels of War are turning into dimples, and all the twinkling curves of a placid smile."

"Yes," says he, hastily picking up the Jack of Diamonds which he had accidentally drawn from his pocket, with his handkerchief, "the scene is rather pleasant, but not equal to Kentucky, where there is more rye."

Here the Kentucky chap became so deeply affected that he was compelled to smell a cork which he took from his vest pocket, and says he:

"Kentucky raised a great deal of rye before the breaking out of this here fatal war with the Southern Confederacy, with whom Kentucky is connected by marriage; she raised it by the bottle; in which form it becomes, as it were, the crowning glory of agriculture. Ah," says the Conservative Kentucky chap, stirring an invisible beverage with an imaginary spoon, "how softly on my senses steals Kentucky's national anthem—

"If a body meet a body,  
Comin' through the rye."

And the old rye of Kentucky is famous for its body." The Kentucky chap hiccupped at the bare recollection of the thing, and says he: "But we can no longer say that the bloom is on the rye; for this unnatural war has killed the agriculture of Kentucky and broken many of her bottles. O, Kentucky! Kentucky! how thirsty I am!"

After this speech, my boy, I could no longer profess the glory of God's beautiful picture by talking about it to a chap who could see nothing in a handsome landscape but rye fields. And yet it is but natural for any Conservative chap to talk thus, after all; for I have found it to be a peculiarity of nearly all our Old Kentucky fellow-beings, that Old Rye is forever running in their heads.

On Wednesday, while I was on my weekly visit to the Mackerel camp, near Duck Lake, I was called to look upon the body of a poor soldier who had been shot during the night by a prowling Confederacy. He was a very young chap, my boy, with light hair, and might have been taken for a mere lad, had there been more years in the deep lines on

his brow than on his beardless chin. There he lay upon his gun, with one hand clenched in the sand, and the other upon the damp red spot upon his breast. He looked like a child who had fallen asleep after unkind words from his mother. The chaplain and a private Mackerel in rags were bending over him, and says I:

"Who was he?"

"He went by the name of Nemo," says the Chaplain, sadly; but no one knows what his real name was. He is listed only two days ago, and kept himself apart from the other men. I think he was a gentleman."

Here the private Mackerel in rags broke in, and says, "Yes, he was a gentleman, I ain't no gentleman, but I know he was, and I can lick any man that says he wasn't! I spoke to him last night when he was relieving a guard, and asked him what fire-company he belonged to; and he said Nemo. I see he looked sick, and wasn't fit for duty, and I offered to go out on picket in his place."

It was not much to offer; but he squeezed my hand very hard, and said that his life was worth more than his; and that he would go. I asked him what he wanted to come to the war and get killed for; and he said he'd tried to do his best in the world, but every body was against him, he had been disgraced for trying to do an honorable thing; and couldn't stay and face people any more, because all turned away from him. I told him I could lick the man who hurt his feelings, and he only said: "They all do that," and went away. Here the poor Mackerel in rags shed tears, and says he: "I know he was a gentleman."

"I see how it is," says the chaplain, shaking his head; "he was one of those unfortunate whose sensitive natures are a legacy of unhappiness or madness, to be cancelled only by death, and yet his kindness of heart with this rude soldier proved how much goodness there was in him that the world had not turned to bitterness."

Alas! my boy, what a pity it is that these finer natures are forever coming under the heels of everybody, and getting themselves crushed! They are like fine Sevres Vases amongst stout earthen piggins, equally ready to split with the cold, or to be pulverized by a tilt from their next door neighbors. It is a misfortune for such fragile natures as these to be in this common-place world at all, my boy, and they cannot do the more useful portion of humanity a greater service than by getting themselves out of it as soon as possible. I have known human Porcelain vases of this kind so fragile, that they were half-cracked before anything touched them.

On Thursday, my boy, the report that a friend of the well-known Southern Confederacy had been arrested and court-martialed in Ohio, for simply advising the intelligent masses to set to a few Union hospitals and go hunting after American eagles by the light thereof, this report, I say, excited amongst the loyal but seditious patriots of Accomac an indignation that was anything but speechless. Shades of our Revolutionary sires! it was possible that a citizen of the Republic could no longer speak peace without being arrested for speaking peace. Ashes of the great! could it be, indeed, true, even where there were no police, a man's personal liberty was no longer safe! The people of Accomac, my boy, were alarmed for their own liberties, and at once held a public meeting, at which I happened to be present.

As all the citizens who were worth \$300 each sent notes to say that they had imperative business to prepare for the approaching Conscriptio, and could not come, the meeting was composed entirely of the other citizens, many of whom engaged in single combat on their way thither, for the purpose of making the distance seem shorter. Punctually at seven o'clock p. m., a gentleman of much muscle touched off a small field piece with such admirable precision as to break all the windows for two blocks around, and then dexterously discharged a two pound sky-rocket into the third story bedroom of a venerable maiden lady living across the road. The demonstration was received with joyous acclamations by the populace, nearly twelve of whom had already arrived; and a victim of Federal oppression, with a very large stomach, mounted the platform erected for the speakers, and said he would commence proceedings on this occasion, by reading a short portion of Washington's Farewell address from the volume of Bancroft which he held in his hand. (Great applause.) The honorable gentleman then proceeded to read something; but was interrupted by a reporter, who remarked that the speaker must be mistaken about that being Washington's Address, as he had certainly read it in the Bible. The honorable gentleman then turned his book over so that he could see the title, and said that he had, indeed, made a slight mistake about the volume. He would defer reading the Address for the present, and begged leave to introduce Mr. John Smith, the Hon. Ferdinand De Percy having failed to be present.

Mr. Smith said it was the proudest moment of his life, and he felt it as honor to be there. They had met together to denounce and spit upon an infamous Administration, under whose tyrannical sway no man was allowed to say one word against it. A fellow citizen had been arrested in Ohio upon the miserable charge of advocating peace, when he was really disturbing the peace all he

could. How long were such outrages to be endured? He advised his hearers to strictly honor the laws; but he would have them go home, organize into regiments, purchase artillery, procure iron-clads, and destroy every man who dares to speak in favor of an Administration under which the boldest man dared not express his sentiments. He would have them do all this peaceably; but he would have them do it. Great applause, and cries of "keep off my corns, darn ye!"

As Chesterfield Mortimer, the celebrated Accomac speaker, was not able to be present on this occasion, Mr. Jones was introduced, and made a few sensible remarks. He said that he had always been a law abiding man, and would always advocate the strictest observance of the laws. The wretched Lincoln, he trusted, would be assassinated on an early day, by some great-souled man.

At this moment, my boy, the speaker suddenly stopped short; staring at a white object which had just appeared fluttering down the street; and then dashed wildly from the platform; tore furiously in the direction of said object, which appeared to be moving, followed spontaneously and with frantic speed by his fellow speakers, and also the entire meeting. I was astonished; I was overwhelmed; for such a breaking up and precipitate flight of a great indignation meeting was never witnessed before. Quickly mounting the vacant rostrum, I drew my field glass from my pocket, and proceeded to scan the wonderful white object which had produced such an electrical effect. It was moving on as I fixed my glass upon it, and I found it to be a new banner, borne by a fat young man in a white apron, and bearing the inscription:

BROOKS'S  
NEW BAR ROOM,  
JUST OPEN.  
FREE LUNCH NOW READY.

This it was, my boy, that had broken up one of the most significant meetings of the age, by artfully working upon the idea of its supposed insignificance.

On reaching Washington, on my return, I heard that a serious minded chap, of Republican opinions, had just waited upon the Honest Abe, to ask if he did not intend to cause the arrest of Smith and Jones for their treason.

"The Honest Abe smiled feebly, scratched his head, and says he:

"What Smith and Jones, neighbor?"

"Why," says the serious-minded chap earnestly, "the Smith and Jones of Accomac."

"Well, really," says the honest Abe, pleasantly, "it is curious, now; but I have never heard of them before."

Drawing an inference from this little circumstance of Executive Conversation, my boy, it strikes me that it would add considerably to the importance of some of our large sized local revolutionaries, if they would overturn the present ignorant Administration, and establish in its place a—Directory.

Yours, double entendrily,  
ORPHEUS C. KERR.

## Was Correspondence.

OUR WEAR, MAY 30.

Dear Vanity!—I am happy to inform you that I have gone into the wholesale Raid business, and am doing uncommonly well at it.

I now ride three hundred miles and burn a couple of railroad bridges every morning before breakfast.

Grierson goes with me. He is a very, very hunky boy, and one of the very best raiders I know, having been in the business a long time, and possessing rather extensive facilities.

I used to do a little in that line occasionally, during the Italian War, but the country was too small. I remember, once, Garibaldi and I went out for a bit of diversion, and nearly got into trouble, by riding over into Sardinia before we knew it.

(And, indeed, last week, extending our operations a trifle farther than usual, I and Grierson destroyed a railroad culvert in the upper part of California, supposing we were still in Mississippi.)

Still, the raid is not a stranger to European warfare. It was known many years ago, to both furious Frank and fiery Han. You recollect Campbell's reference to it, in "Hohenlinden?"

"By torch and trumpet fast a Raid."

Here, we use neither torches nor trumpets; they are old and almost obsolete weapons now. Carbines, sabres and pistols, have superseded them.

Speaking of implements of war, it is surprising how many troops of Elzinga's artillery the rebels have out here. In my various expeditions, lately, I have seen no less than a hundred troops of artillery, and every one of them was Flying.

And it was the same with their other troops.

The only man I have lost, in all these operations, was one whose I had court-martialed and executed.

Just as he was led out to be shot, he turned to me and made a remark:

"General, what am I shot for?"

"For sleeping on your post."

"Then they ought to shoot you worse than me. I only slept on my post, while you sleep on your Four-post."

(This was a playful allusion to my beautiful canopy bedstead, presented to me by the editors of the Chicago Tribune, for telling more truth in five consecutive letters than their War Correspondents did in ten.)

I gently chid him for jesting when on the brink of the grave, and he seemed to realize his condition.

"General," he said, impressively, "can you grant me a simple request—the last I shall ever ask of you? Consider that I speak as a dying man, and do not, oh! do not refuse my plea."

My eyes dimmed.

"It is granted," I said.

"Promise."

"I promise."

"Then, General, will you be kind enough to have the muskets loaded with blank cartridges?"

I had promised, and a McArone cannot tell a lie. I ordered the muskets loaded with blank, but took my man out, afterwards, just back of the camp, and hanged him.

Grierson had just come in from a small, under-sized raid.

He brought in a mile and a half of railroad, with embankments and all complete—he tells me that he burned two canals in Eastern Mississippi. An intelligent counterfeiter, with whom he conversed, informed him that the backbone of the rebellion was broken; at least such was the opinion of eminent military authority in Richmond, last week.

Perhaps the most important raid I have made, personally, was when I tore up the Haritan & Delaware R. R. I went tearing up that road, one bright night, at the rate (George Cooper said) of "seventy-five miles an hour."

We both rode on the cow-catcher, but being "no railroad man," I "didn't know my danger." Dick Grierson didn't either, though he does now. He was my Chief Engineer, then—but, poor boy, he got killed, or something, at the battle of Jersey City.

The natives along that line of country are harmless but conspicuous people. They don't object to the Old Flag, nor to invitations to drink. Some of them are clergyman. That is a good profession, but as a rule, I prefer the railroad fellows. However, *chapeau a son coup!*

If any native of that country has found the hat I lost that night, and will return it, I will give him the cold I got on the same occasion.

But a truce to this flippancy. The stirring peal of the bugle calls to boots and saddles. I must start on my afternoon raid.

You can't guess what I shall write about, in my next letter. Remember these words, and look sharp. Mark me. Lay low, and keep dark. There is something to be expected.

McArone.

Artemus Ward on Copperheads.

Artemus Ward may be stamped 'sound' on Copperheads. He says in his last letter:

Not long ago I made a review of Joseph's army. I was considerably surprised to observe all the canons pointing towards the North.

"My blood stained veterans," says I, addressing a Lieutenant Brigadier, who was playing 'old aleide' with a tough corporal's clerk for a yaller postage stamp in a corner, "my blood-stained veterans, why air not them guns pointed towards the Southern Confederacy?"

"Thunder!" replied the Lieutenant Brigadier, turning up a Jack from the bottom—"thunder!" what's the use of aiming 'em towards the South as long as there is war enemies to our Government in the North? It will be a easy matter to wipe out the rebels after we put down the Copperheads in the North."

"My bloomin' hero," says I, "I guess you air about right. The Butternuts air mean traitors, but the Northerners O. H. air a infernal set the same way."

"That's so!" says the tough corporal's clerk, slipping a ace up his knee slaps.

I left on 2 three inherent padding a propell—propell a little too much, for I wandered outside the Fed'ral lines, and surrounded 2 secession pickets, and took em prisoners. The F. F. V.'s—these F. F. V.'s don't mean Five Foolish Virgins; secession; the F. F. V.'s objected to accompany me; so I followed them.—Considerin they was my prisoners, they used me pretty ruffy. But in this way, I followed the chaps nearly to Richmond, when sam F. F. V. survivorly got a squint at me. He immediately comment fer to hold that nose out, an sam pulled off three shoes as stocking as I was going to lick there foot.

"Keep a respectable distance!" says one.

"Yes, I will—to keep respectable."

Those was my surrealistic report.

"Beg your pardon!" apologized the F. F. V.'s, puttin on there shoes & stockings, an taken there digits from the nasal organs. "We thort you was one of them Northern Copperhead peace men, who air allers wantin to lick our feet an make up with us."

"Nary peace men!" says I. "I'm in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. Ditto my friend, A. L."

"Well," says they, "we have some respect for a Yankee wot stands up for his Government—but the blowy Yellandighammers, Woodens, Hughes, and so dith, we think a little lower than a runaway nigger. If they was lockt up by your Government, we'd rejoice. They air not only traitors to the North, but to the South 2."

"I allers considered em as too except to the South. Ditto my friend A. L."

I apologized for the unpardonable 2 pickets as they released me on a parole or honor—whatever that is. I believe of the Copperheads wot believe themselves as not drink too much whiskey, they woud be as good a Union men as the rebels. Just about.